

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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EASTERTIDE.

There is no death, the lilies say
We hide our tiny souls away
When hoary Winter comes to blight
Our tender leaves and blossoms bright.
But when the Southland's gentle breath,
Comes softly back to banish death,
Beneath the trembling mould we say:
Hail, resurrection! None shall die.
Sweet prophets of the life to be,
I know this self-same spark in me,
That neither time nor distance knows
And yet is comrades with the rose.
Dear Mother Earth, within thy breast
This better part of me shall rest.
No longer than the seeds that bide
The coming of the Eastertide.
—Charles Eugene Banks.

AN EASTER MISSION.

It was the night before Easter. A bevy of young and middle-aged women a few of them accompanied by male escorts, were busying themselves about the altar of St. Mark's Church, transforming that portion of the sanctuary into a garden of flowers, palms and growing plants. Sid Venner, the popular young lawyer of Stillville, stood in the shadows apart from the group, nervously pulling his mustache and looking somewhat out of sorts. He started and straightened up as a man and a woman came down one of the dimly-lighted aisles. The lady—a tall, beautiful girl, with a real-like grace of movement—was in advance. As she passed close to Sid she recognized him and stopped.

"Oh, Mr. Venner, isn't it a shame?" she broke out, in a charming impulsive way. The Easter lilies ordered from the city did not come. I am so disappointed and mortified, too, for all the other ladies have furnished something for the church decorations, and I promised the lilies, you know, and how I can do nothing at all. Mr. Macgregor has been searching the town for flowers, but can find none. Dear! dear! if one of you gentlemen could get some Easter lilies somewhere—somewhere—I would—well I'd be eternally grateful!" This half-laughing, half-despairing outburst was addressed both to Sid and her stylishly dressed escort, who had stopped just behind her, but it seemed to the lawyer that the appeal was specially directed to him. His heart was thumping like a trip-hammer, but he spoke quite calmly:

"I shall be glad to win even your gratitude, Miss Lloyd. I will get the lilies for you."

"Oh, will you, truly? Can you?"

"I can and will."

"You need not trouble yourself, sir," spoke up the other man, in a voice as cold and cutting as steel. "If Miss Lloyd wants Easter lilies I will get them for her—provided they are to be had."

The significance of the tone and words are not to be mistaken. There was a moment of profound silence; then Sid Venner with admirable self-control said:

"I have given you my word, Miss Lloyd. My offer has no proviso attached to it." He smiled audaciously in the flushed, scowling face of Bruce Macgregor; then bowed easily to Helen Lloyd, as he added:

"The lilies will be here in good season. I promise you. But to fulfill my mission I must be off at once. Good night." He strode down the aisle, of the church door and was gone.

Just as the town clock struck nine Sid Venner seated in a piano-box behind a quickly stepping horse, went spinning out of Stillville along the road leading eastward. "Fifteen miles to Princeton," he mused, with a grim smile. "A drive of 30 miles before I sleep. But I happen to know Squire Wymple has a lot of Easter lilies on his place, and I must have them at all hazards. Wonder if Bruce Macgregor will dare to follow me. I saw him watching me as I drove out of the stable."

Sid, it need scarcely be said, was over head and ears in love with Helen Lloyd. His suit had seemed to progress favorably enough until Bruce Macgregor appeared on the scene. Then there was a change. Macgregor was the city cousin of Alice Hartley, and Alice was the particular friend of Helen Lloyd; so it was but natural that the young man and Helen should be thrown much together. In fact, he all but monopolized that the young lady's society. During the entire period

of Lent—a most propitious season for cozy tete-a-tetes—he had been Alice's guest and Helen's devoted slave. Sid had sternly held himself under control as he watched his own chance of happiness slip away from him. He was stunned, crushed, humiliated, and in the bitterness of the disappointment could not understand that he was really to blame for the coldness that gradually came between him and the girl. He had no doubt that Macgregor and Helen were infatuated with each other.

It was a surprise to him when she spoke to him in the old familiar way to night. It made his blood tingle. One thought was uppermost in his mind now. He must get the Easter lilies. He must show Helen that obstacles were not to be considered by him where her wishes were concerned. Squire Wymple, the justice of the peace at Princeton, was his closest friend, and he had often been the squire's guest at his pleasant home just outside of town. It was nearing midnight as Sid approached the Wymple homestead. The house was dark and apparently deserted.

"All in bed, I suppose," he mused, as he reined up at the roadside and jumped to the ground. "Carriage gate looked. I'll just hitch here and walk to the house."

He took a lighted lantern from the buggy, passed through a small gate and walked toward the house.

A big watch-dog came bounding toward him, barking viciously.

"Down, Tiger; down! Don't you know me, old fellow? Come, Tiger."

In an instant the animal began to express his joyful recognition of a valued friend by wagging his tail, whining and jumping up and down round the newcomer. Sid went to the door and rang the bell. There was no response. After trying for fifteen minutes to rouse somebody he was forced to the conclusion that the family was away from home.

"Here's a go!" growled Venner. But after a minute's reflection his face brightened and he made his way to the large greenhouse at the rear of the dwelling. He examined the door by the light of the lantern and found it securely locked. Fortunately, however, he discovered a sliding panel of glass which he opened without difficulty. He crawled through the aperture and soon found several pots of beautiful Easter lilies in bloom. On a leaf torn from his blankbook he wrote a few words of explanation to Squire Wymple, leaving the note on the shelf from which he took the flowers. A few minutes later he was hurrying toward his buggy, carrying four pots of Easter lilies. As he approached the road he was astonished to see two vehicles instead of one. In the second one sat a man who called out to Sid.

"Is this Mr. Venner?"

"It is. Ah, Mr. Macgregor, is that you? Beautiful night for a drive, eh?" Sid coolly placed this property in the rear of the buggy-box.

"What have you there?" asked Macgregor, with an attempt to appear unconcerned.

"The Easter lilies I promised to get for Miss Lloyd," replied Sid, as he stepped into his buggy and took up the reins.

"Will you sell them to me?"

"Hardly."

"I suppose I can get some where you got those?"

"You'll have to ask the dog. The people who live here are not at home, but the dog and I are old friends. Good night, Mr. Macgregor."

He wheeled his horse in the road and sent him dashing away at his best speed toward Stillville.

Long before church time the next morning Sid called with a carriage for Helen Lloyd. He had the lilies, and he took her to the church to dispose of them as she saw fit. "I had to commit burglary to get them," he told her, "but I could do even that for you, Miss Lloyd."

After that it was easy to reach an understanding. They were entirely alone in the church, and the nodding palms and graceful Easter lilies were discreetly silent about the little scene that was enacted in their shadows.

"And to think you were jealous of Mr. Macgregor!" pouted Helen,

after it was all settled. "Foolish man!"

And when the Easter anthem was sung by the choir that morning Miss Lloyd's friends remarked the unusual power and feeling with which she rendered those passages expressive of great joy and exultation.

A few days later Sid Venner received a letter from Squire Wymple, in the course of which squire wrote: "You are welcome to the flowers, of course, but who is Mr. Bruce Macgregor? He came Sunday morning and wanted me to issue a warrant for the arrest of Sidney Venner for robbing a greenhouse. Think of that! I had to tell him that I was the victim and you a privileged character.—Mail Plate."

HIS BREAD RETURNED.

He had kept the country store for twenty years. The sign read, "C. P. Johns," but he was "Uncle Charley" to everybody. It was the only store at the village crossroads, and he prospered in a modest way. After the bad accounts were deducted his profits were small, but he was able to support his family comfortably. They had a pretty little cottage with some fruit-trees in the lot, kept some pigs, a cow, and a horse and buggy. They had enough, and were contented with that and their good name.

Then the old man took his nephew in as partner. They built an addition to the store and bought a big bill of new goods. It put them in debt quite heavily; but their trade increased, and at the end of three years, when the farmers had brought in their wheat, they had enough to pay all their debts and a thousand dollars over.

The nephew took the money, three thousand dollars in all, and went to St. Louis to pay off the debts and buy new goods for the fall and winter trade.

The goods came promptly, but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon, a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesale house, expressing surprise that he had not remitted for the past due account, and stating, that unless such remittance was received by the tenth they would draw on him for the full amount, the new bill included.

The supper-bell rang three times before the old man stirred. As he came down the walk his wife saw there was something the matter and met him in the yard.

"We are ruined!" he said in a lifeless tone, handing her the letter.

"Oh, no, not ruined. You can raise it, can't you?" she asked, hopefully.

"No," he replied, listlessly.

"Surely there will be some way out," she urged.

"There is no way out," he said, hopelessly, as he sank into a rocking chair. He looked very old, and on his gentle face was blank weariness.

"No, there is no way out," he repeated, in a monotonous tone.

"That money was all I could raise; it was everything I have made in twenty years."

"But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them," encouraged his wife, trying to cover her own anxiety.

"No," said the old man, bitterly, "people never lend you money or go on your note because you have been good to them."

The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope.

He went to Adams, the money lender of the community, and offered to mortgage everything.

"No," said Adams. "Your stuff isn't worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note, and I can let you have what you need."

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, gray, hopeless, and sat down to wait dully for the end.

They sat in the shade in front of the blacksmith shop. It was informal gathering of farmers, who, on hearing the news, had ridden in to learn the particulars.

"Too bad for Uncle Charley!" said a farmer, digging at the grass beside him with his pocket-knife.

"Too bad!" and they all shook their heads.

"He's been a great help to this community," said another.

"There never lived a more accommodating man," added a third.

And then they talked of how they had always distrusted the nephew, and how soon the old man would be closed out, and wondered what he would then do for a living.

There was one, the poorest and the most shiftless man in the neighborhood, who had not spoken.

"Something ought to be done, men." He could hardly control his voice. "It will be a lowdown shame to let Uncle Charley be sold out."

"What can we do?" asked Jones, rather idly.

"I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let me tell you what he's done for me. When I came here I didn't have a red cent, and he trusted me for a whole year's living, and never asked me for it once. I couldn't pay him, but I got him and wouldn't buy any more. Well, the next fall when I took down with the fever there wasn't a thing in the house to go on. I tell you, we were in a mighty bad shape, and didn't know what in the world would become of us, until one evening Mr. Jones came over and brought the doctor. Says he, 'Doc and I just thought we'd drop in.' And while the doctor was fixin' me up some medicine he called my wife to one side and says, Mrs. Todd, you send one of the boys down to the store and get what you need, and Jim can pay for it when he gets well."

No one spoke for some time.

"Now, see here," continued Todd. "I'm a mighty poor man, but Bill says he will give me a hundred dollars for my bay mare, and I'm going to sell her and give the money to Uncle Charley to help pay off that debt." Several other volunteered to help.

"I don't think," said Mings, "that it would be best to give him the money. He wouldn't feel right about it, you know. It ain't so much the loss of the money; he can make that back in three or four years, but it's just taken all stiffen' out of the old man, and he is lost all heart. If we could fix it some way so he could go on with the store and see some way to pay out, it would be just the boost he needs."

"Say, don't you suppose Adams would loan him the money?" asked one.

"Oh, Adams would loan it to him quick enough, if he can get security; but how's he going to get it?" said Willis.

"Well, I never went on a note in my life," said Haney, "but I'll be one to go on old man John's note for three thousand."

And so said every man there.

A note was made out and put in the hands of Haney. The word quickly passed round, and for two or three days men kept coming in at all hours to sign that note.

"He lent me fifty dollars when I was hard up," said one.

"He helped Tom get through school when I was too poor to help him myself," said a father who was now well-to-do.

"After working all day, many is the time he came over to my house and sat up with me when I was down with the slow fever," said a neighbor.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a prosperous young man, as he sat down to sign the paper, "I was too worthless to kill. But Uncle Charley called me into the store one day and persuaded me to go to school, got me some books, and sold me clothes on credit. Nobody thought he would ever get a cent for it."

"I want to put my name on that note," said a poor widow. "I know it's not worth anything, but I want it there. Nobody knows, Mr. Haney, how kind Uncle Charley has been to us. The winter after Jim died Lizzie went up to the store one day almost barefooted. He pretended to have her help him count some eggs, and then he gave her a pair of shoes."

He's done lots of things like that."

"He is always so jolly and whole-souled you can't help but feel that he is interested in you and wants you to be happy," was another's tribute.

There were but four more days of grace. The old man sat crouching

in his chair as if shrinking from the coming blow. The whimsical humor, the independence, the courage were all gone. He was a poor, hopeless old man, down never to rise again.

Two or three farmers came in and sat on the edge of the porch. He tried to be sociable, but made a pitiful failure of it. Others came in, and then more until there were two or three dozen seated on the porch. The old man knew they had come to sympathize with him, but he could not bring up the subject of his loss.

There was an awkward half-hour in which nobody talked of the important matter. At last Haney nudged Todd, and urged him to speak. Todd shifted his position once or twice, got up awkwardly and stood before Johns, trying to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a paper, held it out to the old man, and managed to say:

"Maybe it'll help you."

The old man looked at the paper. It was a note for three thousand dollars, due in three years, all ready for his signature. Below was the name of almost every man in the community as security.

The old man tried to speak, but could only call:

"Mary!"

His wife came quickly and looked at the paper.

"Thank 'em, ma; I can't!" said the old man, with a sob in his voice. The tears were running down her face as she turned toward the men. They were all looking away.

"I can't, either," she said, as she slipped down beside her husband, with her arm round his neck, "but they know."

"Looks sorted like rain over in the southwest," said Todd. "Guess we'd better be going, boys."

The Doctor's Story

"I was a full-fledged M.D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle."

"I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate; and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there. Only if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind."

"When I'd been in business a year or two, I set for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals; and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then."

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The despatch was:

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!"

"Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune."

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle."

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any."

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She

was intense agony and almost wild with the pain."

"Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!"

"Even Dick quailed now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered. 'She'll kill you sure.'"

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't you be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. 'Hebe's got sense.'"

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum."

"I like your pluck, my boy," he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge best."

"The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot."

"While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt to my horror a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness."

"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, "Cut away!"

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence."

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp of my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungentle. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me."

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

"Cut away!" came again the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools; I was as limp as a rag."

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient."

"Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me, "Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you."

"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she could know me, as I stepped into the tent."

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth!"

Those Dreadful Genders

The English language is supposed to be very simple in the matter of genders. But foreigners who triumphantly handle questions of gender of inanimate things in their own languages often have their difficulties with the English. A Frenchman recently came to grief over his English.

"I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madam," he remarked politely to his hostess.

"H'en-coach monsieur," she smilingly corrected him. He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!" he sighed.—*New York Tribune.*

A Clever Attorney.

In a trial in the United States court, where a young man had been indicted for passing a counterfeit bill, the counsel of the latter, C. A. Baldwin, objected to General Strickland's course in endeavoring to prove by business men the fact that the bill in question was a counterfeit, but to no purpose. Finally, improving a favorable chance, Mr. Baldwin submitted a good bill for the counterfeit, which genuine money General Strickland then proved by three business men to be the rankest kind of counterfeit. Thereupon Mr. Baldwin vehemently demanded that attention be given to his objections, and Judge Dundy insisted that district attorney send out for a bank cashier and an expert. With great confidence General Strickland handed to the expert the bill—after establishing his business and his experience in handling money—and said:

"State to the jury whether, in your opinion, that bill is good or bad."

"This is a good bill, sir," returned the witness.

"What!" shouted the attorney; "do you mean to say that bill is not a counterfeit?"

"Yes, sir; if you will bring it down to the Omaha National Bank, we will give you the gold for it."

Then there was a scene, in the midst of which Mr. Baldwin managed to explain to the court that he had changed bills without the knowledge of the district attorney, and in view of the fact that three good business men had testified that a genuine bill was a counterfeit, he thought considerable allowance should be made for his client—an ignorant country boy—in mistaking a counterfeit for a good bill. The jury were evidently impressed with the idea, for they returned a verdict of acquittal.—*Omaha Bee.*

Poor, But Rich.

Once, in New England, says a writer in the *Outlook*, I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked, "Is he a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"He has a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained:

"You see, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he ain't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors, his word is as good as a bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor.

Official Announcements.

The F. S. D. (National) Convention will be held at Detroit, Mich., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 5th, 6th and 7th, 1905. F. P. GIBSON, Grand President.

Approved: By the Executive Board.

A Lecture

On Saturday evening, May 6th, Dr. Thomas F. Fox will lecture upon "Russia's Nemesis," in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church. Admission, twenty-five cents.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE devoted efforts of Mrs. Mills in behalf of her school for the deaf at Chefoo, China, continues to meet with the consideration that was to be expected in one who is actuated by sincerity of purpose.

In New York City there have been two meetings at which she spoke, and at the reception tendered to her by the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Johnston, at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, there was a large attendance of the deaf and of those interested in their education. Among them were Rev. Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, President of the New York Institution, Prof. Currier, Principal of the New York Institution, Prof. Gruver, Principal of the Lexington Avenue School, and a large representation of the staff of the New York Institution.

The address by Prof. Currier, which was delivered simultaneously orally and in signs, indicated the interest with which the profession is watching the efforts of Mrs. Mills in China, and this was further shown in the remarks of Prof. Gruver.

In opening her address, Mrs. Mills spoke with feeling of the interest shown in her work by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet and Dr. Bell, both of whom accompanied her to the Chinese Minister. From this introduction, as well as the kindly influence of Mr. Rockwell, our new Minister to China, favorable influences are in store for her school.

Mrs. Mills gave an interesting account of her work with the Chinese deaf, and illustrated her talk with stereopticon views and charts, representing the Chinese characters and objects, and showed a number of silk banners which testify to the affection in which she is held by her pupils.

THE Minnesota Association of the Deaf has succeeded in having a new law added to the statutes of the State, through a committee selected for the purpose—namely, Messrs. Anton Schroeder, Thomas Sheridan and Leonard Hodgman.

The bill was introduced by Senator Dunn, of St. Paul, passed both Houses and was signed by the Governor.

The bill requires the summoning of competent interpreters when deaf persons are being examined for insanity, the expense thus entailed being a charge upon the County wherein such hearing may be held.

The law makes the recommendation of interpreters incumbent upon the Superintendent of the Minnesota State School for the Deaf.

This is certainly a progressive move by the deaf of Minnesota, and the success in this instance may lead to still further legislation upon other lines, when it is, in the consensus of opinion of the organized deaf, deemed advisable.

THE JOURNAL goes to press a day earlier than usual this week, consequently late news must go over to next issue.

During his short stay at Portsmouth, Ohio, recently, the Rev. R. W. Mann was the guest of the Hon. Samuel R. Rose, a prominent churchman and citizen. He is the sole survivor of the group of old time merchants of that city. Since 1847, his house has been open to Bishops and other clergy of the Church, who have been right hospitably entertained.

Shaw's Wonderful Electrical Exhibitions

The first of Mr. William E. Shaw's wonderful series of Electrical Exhibitions, which are to be held in several different States in the course of this month, came off in Boston, on the 14th inst., with great eclat, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience, from the purlieus of the Back Bay aristocracy.

The Hotel Vendome on Commonwealth Avenue is in the heart of swiftdom, and it was there that Mr. Shaw gave his initial exhibition. Negro servants in livery and with obsequious mien ushered the guests into the large handsome ball-room of the hotel. The rent of the hall is something terrible to think of, and no other deaf-mute but Mr. Shaw would have had the courage to hire it, but he is in the habit of doing things on a large scale and venturing where others would be afraid to tread. In this respect, Mr. Shaw resembles the late, lamented Prof. Kerney, but, perhaps, with a more practical side to his business. The large number of tickets sold before the entertainment to people in the Back Bay made a large profit possible, and all is well that ends well.

Mr. Edward Everett Marden, well-known to old-timers as a self-taught sign-maker and a facile one at that, acted the part of Interpreter and, incidentally, that of Master of Ceremonies, of the whole show. He confessed to the writer that electricity was not in his line, as he was as imple business man, the intricacies of some of Mr. Shaw's electrical appliances almost dazed him, but he probably did much better than any one else, not an expert, could have done. Mr. Marden opened the ball by introducing Mr. Shaw as the greatest living deaf-mute electrician, by the following explanatory and introductory address, written for the occasion by Mr. Henry C. White, of Boston:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—Mr. Shaw, with whose electrical experiments I have been familiar for several years, desires me to explain his aim and object in making a study of electricity, which takes all his time and means.

"The impelling cause of his devotion to this branch of science was probably his natural aptitude for this mysterious force, which performs such wonders when harnessed to human agency, and it was not long before he became impressed with the idea that it might be made a means of the transmission of sound to human ears that are now dead to all earthly sounds.

"With this end in view, he has given up a lucrative position with an electrical company and has devoted himself to experiments on this line, without a hope of remuneration, and with but a single aim to benefit those deprived of hearing. He has made much progress in that direction, but has been somewhat hampered by lack of means, and in order to find the means, he has engaged in the sale of useful electrical appliances, to which he invites your attention this evening. He is prepared to fill or execute any orders that may be given to him for these specialties, which are on exhibition.

"In other ages, men have labored in vain to discover the Elixir of Life and the alchemy of gold, which would have been of doubtful utility as things are ordered by Nature, but Mr. Shaw's invention if successfully carried out would be a boon to mankind. He has gone so far that he could improve or develop the sense of hearing in dormant organs and hopes to perfect an instrument that will serve for the ear-drum and convey sound to the brain. In his effort, he has the warm endorsement of Professor Bell. Nothing venture, nothing succeed."

After the above address, Mr. Marden read several highly-complimentary press notices, and lastly an old letter from the late Bishop Brooks, who found time in the midst of a busy life filled with the plaudits of the world to indite a kind and encouraging epistle to an ambitious pupil at a school for the Deaf, which Mr. Shaw was, at the time. He is a graduate of the Hartford School, which, ranking as the oldest organized establishment of its kind in America still leads the procession—blessings on its grey hairs.

Then came the exhibition of various appliances, most of which were manipulated by Tommy Stringer, the blind deaf-mute, who was present with his devoted teacher. He is now pursuing a course of physics and mechanics in the Arts and Trades School of Boston, and has acquired some knowledge of electricity, in which he is as much interested as Mr. Shaw. He has grown into a fine-looking young man, by this time.

The night-awakeners of Mr. Shaw are ingenious devices and warranted to do the business for which they are designed. One of them will strike the sleeper gently with its ball of cotton at a set time. Another will strike the head board of the bed like a trip-hammer with noise enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers. Mr. Walter Perry told the writer that he once tried it at Mr. Shaw's request, and once was

enough for him and his wife, who started up in mortal terror, thinking the house was coming down on their heads, and it was some time before they remembered what the racket meant, and then they breathed easier. There was a door-bell knocker, which was a "thumper", with its heavy weight of iron. Tommy Stringer pressed the button and was rather startled by the noise it made, and then laughed.

All the devices were not intended for the ease and convenience of the deaf, however. There was one by means of which the face of a clock could be lighted up at night at will to find out the time. Some of the appliances were intended for the sick-room, one of which was a movable call to a distant part of the house. The array of burglar alarms was enough to startle the boldest burglar. A small thing that, if stepped on by an unwary foot, will ring an alarm a mile off, and then there is the treacherous door-mat which instantly gives warning of an intruder. Mr. Shaw has had an elaborate apparatus made of almost everything, and his model of a door frame fitted with a burglar alarm was one of the most interesting of his exhibits. An electric candle and pocket search-lights were among the exhibits.

A stuffed owl that blinked now with one eye and then with the other afforded much amusement. Walter Perry's handsome Angora cat, as deaf as its owner, was so surprised to find itself able to hear with the aid of an electrical apparatus, invented by Mr. Shaw, that it made frantic struggles to get away.

Everybody went away pleased with the exhibition, and Mr. Shaw expects to repeat his success in other cities on his way to Washington.

The Late Mr. Charles Radcliff

BY AGNES MAGINN.

Seldom have we heard a more touching history than that of the subject of this sketch. Son of the late Rev. Stephen Radcliff, rector of Lisnadill, County Armagh, a member of a family which has given many brilliant men to the Church, the State, and the Bar, the boy Charles, by one of those inexplicable mysteries of Providence, was born deaf. Educated at the Claremount School for the Deaf, Dublin, the child early developed marked artistic tastes, which decided his parents to have him trained in the "Art of Design." For ever a quarter of a century he filled the position of designer in the old-established firm of Messrs. McCrum, Watson, and Mercer, and acquired a wide reputation for the originality and beauty of his drawings. Endowed with remarkable alertness of intellect and brightness of spirit, Charles, though deaf, thoroughly appreciated the joys of life. To his keen intelligence was united a most warm and sympathetic heart. To him it was impossible to harbour jealous, mean, or unworthy thoughts; to him might truly be applied the words of the Lord Primate of Ireland, in reference to a well-known Christian worker. "He was essentially a Christian and a gentleman. A most devoted son and brother, Charles, in September, 1903, was united in marriage to a highly-gifted deaf lady, Jennie, daughter of Mr. Andrew Dickson, member of a well-known Irish family. Never was there a more beautiful example of happy married life. To fill their cup of happiness, a son was born in the following year. Charles had not been feeling well all through the autumn, and when, at the beginning of the present year, the typhoid epidemic broke out in Armagh, he became an easy prey to that most insidious malady. Husband and wife were both stricken down the same day: with her the disease took its normal course, till she gradually recovered, having been, naturally, kept in ignorance of the more dangerous condition of her loved one. The truth could be no longer concealed. On Sunday, February 19th, she begged to be carried to the room where her well-beloved lay, and there she must have clearly seen that death was already approaching; she prayed and hoped against hope, till, finally, on the following Wednesday morning the "golden bowl was broken" and the sweet spirit returned to God who gave it. Rarely has an illness called forth so much sympathy from all classes. Rich and poor, learned and simple, vied with each other in giving tangible proof of the love and respect in which Charles was held. Bank notes for considerable sums were sent anonymously, with disguised handwriting, widows with but small means begged, as a favour to be allowed to supply the champagne on which the patient was for some weeks kept alive. When death could be no longer baffled, all felt as if they had lost a son or a brother. People of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, followed Charles to his last resting-place. Snatched away in the prime of life, at the age of 44 years, truly the ways of God are hard to understand—

"The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer
dust
Burn to the socket."

Our heart goes out in deepest sympathy to the young widow, so recently a bride, and to the orphan infant, who we pray may be spared to comfort his mother, and to follow in the footsteps of his noble-minded father. During his entire life Charles was a most self-sacrificing worker on behalf of his deaf brethren. His removal to the higher service of heaven leaves a place which it will be difficult to fill.—*The Messenger.*

The Lord Primate, referring to the above, says:—"It is a well conceived and touchingly written article, and does justice to a man well known in this part of the country for his beauty of character and for the talent which distinguished his drawings for Mr. McCrum's firm. Surely he hears now a glorious music. P. S.—A clergyman in the room at the present moment, says his was a saintly character."—*Belfast (Ireland) News-Letter.*

Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

A GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y., April 11, 1905.—On Monday, April 10th, occurred the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell, at their home at West Cambridge, N. Y. Early in the afternoon the guests began to arrive, and at about 5 P. M. the house was full of joyful friends, who at once proceeded to make things lively and interesting for the hale and hearty old couple, who seemed to be young again, and took part in all the fun with as much pleasure as the younger people did.

The wedding supper was served at 6 P. M., and was a feast fit for a queen and king and was enjoyed immensely.

After supper, the guests had lots of fun telling stories, conversing and playing games, until the wee, small hours.

Some amusing stories were told by Mr. William Shanks, of North Easton, N. Y., and Mrs. Hattie C. Lortie, of Hoosick Falls. The beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home," was recited in signs by the latter, together with the hymns "Abide With Me," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Mr. Brownell had some cute tricks to play on the girls, when the game of post office was played. The first time he found himself alone in the office, he called for his wife, and slyly slipped out of the back door and came in the front room and stole the first seat he could get, and when Mrs. Brownell went in the post office, there was no one there to meet.

Dancing was indulged in to some extent, and was greatly enjoyed by the participants, as well as the on-lookers.

When the wee, sma' hours, advanced, some of the guests went to bed, while others sat around the big table, and had refreshments, when any of them were off their guard they were pelted with orange skins.

At last they all went to bed, and got up the next morning to find it raining hard, and only Mrs. Getting went home. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Becker and Mr. and Mrs. Shanks took their departure. Mr. and Mrs. Millman, and Mrs. Lortie and her two boys, were the last to go home, at 5 P. M., and it was still raining quite hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownell received many useful and pretty presents, the most admired being a lovely silver teapot from Mrs. Millman, who also brought a large and delicious wedding cake in the middle of which read, "50 years."

Among the guests who made the event such an enjoyable affair for the happy couple were: Mr. and Mrs. Horace Brownell and two children, of Greenwich, N. Y. (a grandson), Miss Addie Burch, of White Creek, N. Y. (a grand daughter), Mr. and Mrs. William Shanks and little son, and Mr. and Mrs. John Becker, of North Easton, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. C. Z. Millman and Mrs. Hattie C. Lortie and two children, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., and Mrs. Joseph Getting, of Troy, N. Y.

Edward Curtis went to North Adams, Mass., a few weeks ago, to spend a few days with a friend.

The writer made a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor last Sunday, and had a nice walk down the country road with her two boys. Lots of people were down that way for their health, for it is a fine place for exercise in walking and enjoying fresh country air.

Mrs. C. F. Millman's ankle is a little better, and she can walk some, but it still gives her very much pain. She has suffered for three weeks from a fall on the ice.

Carpenters are at work taking measures for improvement on the house of Mrs. Alice Wilcox, on Rens. St. They will begin work on the 1st of May, and when the work is completed it will present a fine appearance.

The small pox, measles, scarlet fever and meningitis, which have been around town for the past two months, have at last disappeared, and, we hope, for good.

DAISY.

Hiram L. Ball, of Mexico, N. Y., has just sold to George H. Watson, one-half acre of land, for \$1,200. Mr. Ball purchased the property ten years ago for \$600, and made improvements on it.

The Spirit of Easter

BY HELEN KELLER.

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever. Sing unto Him a new song, for He causeth the desert to put forth blossoms, and the valleys He covereth with greenness. Out of the night He bringeth day and out of death life everlasting. On this day a new light is upon the mountains; for life and the resurrection are proclaimed forever.

The bands of winter are broken in sunder, and the land is made soft with showers. Easter day bringeth the children of men near to the source of all light; for on this day the Lord declareth the permanence of His world, and maketh known the immortality of the soul. He hath revealed the life everlasting, and His goodness endureth forever.

Easter is the promise of the Lord that all the best and noblest in man shall be renewed, even as growth and bloom and ripening shall not cease. The bars of winter are broken, and the iron bands of death are riven. The bird is on the wing, and the flight of the soul shall know no weariness. The lilies lift their holy white grails, brimmed with the sunshine of God's love. For has not the Lord manifested His love in flowers and in the upspringing of green things? They are sweet interpreters of large certainties. Each year the winter cuts them down, and each spring they put forth again. Every spring is a new page in the book of revelation, wherein we read that life is an eternal genesis, and its end is not; for it endureth forever.

The festival of the springtime is as old as the hope of man. The Jews had their feast of the Passover. The Romans celebrated the Megalensia in honor of mother earth. But not the Jews nor the Romans interpreted the whole message of spring. To the regeneration of earth Christ has added the new birth and eternal youth of the soul. We know that our branch grows in the physical life, but in the soul bears fruit that shall endure forever.

Belief in eternal life compels us to believe in deeds and honest thoughts. The good man toils not for to-day, nor for to-morrow alone, but because he knows that his labor shall survive long after his hand has fallen from the plow. The good man pours himself into the world and makes it new. He is among the blessed who win sight out of blindness, order out of chaos and life out of death. Since the first Easter morning the soul of man has shone with unwavering light; for then he looked into the radiant face of the risen Christ, and knew that God's universe shapes itself not to destruction, but to a yet more glorious genesis; yea, it endureth from everlasting to everlasting.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at 8 P. M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P. M.

Rev. F. C. Smielau's Appointments for April.

23—Easter Day, 8 A. M., Easton. Holy Communion.
Allentown, 10:30 A. M. Confirmation.
Allentown, 2:30 P. M. Holy Communion.
Reading, 7:30 P. M. Holy Communion.
24—Easter Monday, 8 P. M., Watkins, N. Y.
25—Easter Tuesday, 8 P. M., Jamestown, N. Y.
26—Silver Springs, N. Y., 8 P. M.
27—Rochester, N. Y., 8 P. M.
28—Geneva, N. Y., 8 P. M.
30—Rochester, N. Y., 11 A. M. Holy Communion.
Buffalo, N. Y., 7 P. M.
Address: REV. FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU,
Box 324, Williamsport, Pa.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

EASTER DAY.
23—10:30 A. M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
4:30 P. M., New England Home, Allston.
30—10:30 A. M., St. Andrew's, Boston. (Lay-Reader Frisbee).
10:45 A. M., All Saints, Worcester. (Rev. Mr. Searing).
2:30 P. M., St. Paul's, Brockton. (Mr. Frisbee).
Services on Fridays at New England Home as follows:
April 7—at 7:45 P. M.
April 14—at 7:45 P. M.
April 21—at 2:30 P. M. Good Friday.
April 28—at 7:45 P. M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.

Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

MAR. APR. MAY JUNE
12 9 7
26 23 21 18

You are asked to show your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.

Week of April 17th, 1905.

Richard Mansfield comes to the Harlem Opera House this week direct from the New Amsterdam Theatre, where he has played four weeks which were unique in all respects in the history of the New York stage. In that time he played seven of the greatest successes of his repertoire. The vast theatre was sold out day in advance of every performance and the receipts were the largest ever recorded for twenty-eight consecutive dramatic performances. Finally, the enormous audiences were at a high pitch of enthusiasm over every character and every production, and the critics vied with one another in attesting the genius and versatility of the modern Garrick revivalist.

The coming of Mr. Mansfield to Harlem will be the event of the dramatic year at the Opera House. He is sure to repeat his remarkable record, and the light in which he is an engagement whose developments must cause it to be recorded in local theatrical annals as more important, interesting and valuable than any other light in which dramatic star here for many seasons past. In the variety and the contrast of the plays to be presented during the week, in the manifold beauties and artistic completeness of the stage pictures to be disclosed. In the authentic and impressive illustration of widely differing characters and in its re-velation of extraordinary versatility in histrionic achievement by one player within the limitations of six performances few engagements comparable to it have been noted in the history of the stage here. Playgoers are seldom given the privilege of so fully acquainting themselves with Mr. Mansfield's genius as an actor, producer and stage manager within so short a space of time, and because of the light in which his exceptional ability will be revealed his presence among us is not to be lightly ignored by any one caring for the finer things in artful representation and dramatic mastery delineation of character.

The engagement will open on Monday evening with Mansfield's great revival of Shakespeare's "King Lear." Tuesday evening he is seen as Richard, Duke of Gloucester, after King of England. Tuesday evening will be devoted to his first appearance in Harlem, in the brilliant comedy "The Merchant of Venice," which he presented for the first time on Monday evening last with such distinguished eclat. Wednesday evening he will play "A Parian Romance." Friday evening will see his weirdly mysterious "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Saturday evening "The Merchant of Venice" will be repeated. Sunday matinee, and at the farewell performance Saturday night Mr. Mansfield will give his inimitable "Beau Brummel."

A HOME APPRECIATION.

The following appreciation of Miss Myrtle Morris, the strikingly bright and sunny mute who has gone this week to Havana to enter upon the work there as missionary of the Home Mission Board, was written by the Superintendent of the Georgia State School at Cave Springs, where Miss Morris was educated:

"A beautiful scene was enacted in the Baptist Church of this place last Wednesday evening when Miss Myrtle Morris, a member of the congregation and told of what had led up to her offering herself to go as a teacher and missionary to the Deaf in Cuba. She met in Atlanta, last year, a man who has lived in Cuba for a number of years. He was much interested in her and said he had never met an educated deaf person. He asked how she got her education. She told him about the Georgia School where she was taught. He said he wished there could be a school for the Deaf in Cuba. That the Deaf are considered useless and are treated like dogs. This set her to thinking and she finally decided that it was her duty to go. She offered herself to the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. She was in the presence of the time, teaching in a private family. The Board accepted her and she has been preparing herself for the work since. She told this in her talk at the prayer meeting and asked the prayers of all present for her, and the success of her work. While the choir sang 'Nearer my God to Thee' she signed it, and the hearts of all were touched by her earnestness and earnest sweet face and the simplicity of her faith in the God whom she serves in giving herself to His work. At the close of the service at the Church she signed the Lord's prayer, the congregation standing, after which they went forward and bid her goodbye and God-speed.

Myrtle Morris has lived here all her young life. Her parents before her were pupils of this school and they have been an honor to their Alma Mater. And now their dearly loved daughter has gone to begin a work that may bring about the release of the Deaf in Cuba from the bonds of ignorance and give them a place as human beings, where, heretofore they have not been recognized as such. We are proud of the time, teaching feel that God will bless her and that this work will go on and grow to be a blessing to the children whose need has moved her to give her young, enthusiastic, zealous heart to it."

SPRING ATTRACTION AT THE EDEN MUSEE.

The Spring attractions at the Eden Music New York City, will excel any offerings ever made by that popular amusement institution. The interior of the Musee has been changed and brightened up, and all the older wax groups have been rearranged and given new costumes. A number of new wax groups have been placed on exhibition, which bring the wax collection thoroughly up to date. In the group "Rulers of the World," the Mikado of Japan is occupying a prominent position and the Czar of Russia wears a worried look. Many additions have been made to the famous group of "People Talked About," and all the great celebrities are grouped together. A consignment of Moving Pictures has just been received from Paris, and includes historical scenes, incidents, and comical sketches from all the foreign countries. In addition are a number of new Moving Pictures. An exhibition is given hourly during the afternoon and evening, and different pictures are shown at each exhibition. Special efforts have been made to secure local pictures appropriate to this season of the year. The Afternoon and Evening Concerts are increasing in popularity, and lovers of classical music will always feel at home at the Musee. Nearly every day can be seen at the Musee visitors from every state in the Union, as well as many foreign countries. No amusement place in the city in frequented so much by out of town visitors, who look upon the Musee as one of the wonders of a great city.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF APRIL 24.

The Fifth Avenue branch of the F. F. Proctor stock company will add new laurels to its already brilliant list, when the first presentation by any stock company of Bertha Gaillard's greatest success "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," by Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," will be given Easter week, commencing Monday. Every effort will be made to give the piece the same artistic atmosphere as was to be noted in the original production. "Dorothy Vernon," who is the central figure of the play, will be enacted by charming Miss Isabelle Evesson, who will no doubt score a distinct triumph in the part. Mr. Henry Woodruff, whose excellent work has been stamped with success, will be seen in the role of Sir John Manners. The cast, in addition to Mr. Woodruff and Miss Evesson, will comprise, Jeffrey Stein, Gertrude Berkeley, Wallace Erskine, Mathilde Deshon, H. Dudley Hawley, etc.

The Easter week attraction at Mr. Proctor's 125th Street Theatre will be Richard Mansfield's famous dramatic master work, "Old Heidelberg." It will be the first production in Harlem of this uncommonly powerful play of German student life, by the uptown Proctor stock company, and it will be cast to the fullest strength of that admirable organization. Mr. Wm. J. Kelley will be seen in Mr. Mansfield's original part and Miss Braatrice Morgan will play the captivating role of Katy. The other favorites of the Harlem Proctor stock company will include Gerald Griffin, Riley Chamberlain, Harold Hartsell, Frank McIntyre, Wm. Cullington, Julian Reed, Miss Helen Whitman, and many others including a chorus of forty Heidelberg students, will all help to make the production an astonishingly big one. Of course, there will be the usual vaudeville customary in the Proctor shows before and after the acts.

Mr. F. F. Proctor is not allowing his all star vaudeville bills to lapse in any particular at his 23d St. House. Despite the fact that it is a serious proposition to secure stars each week, Mr. Proctor manages to succeed, and for the week of April 24th, he heads an enormous bill with Peter F. Dailey and his LuLu Girls. Mr. Dailey has surrounded himself with five stage beauties, and with the assistance of another comedian, produces a sketch called "The Police Inspector," which is said to be equal to any Broadway attraction seen this season. Behind this splendid attraction is Hal Davis and Inez McCauley, supported by an excellent company presenting Edmund Day's sketch, "Pals." Then there is Stakley and Birbeck, one of the greatest transformation acts on the stage to-day. The Four Huntings, present a riproaring comedy skit called "A Night in the Fool House." Others, completing one of the greatest bills ever seen in vaudeville are: The Dollar Troupe, the world's greatest acrobats; Tchewoh's trained Cats, animals showing wonderful intelligence; Chas. Mildare, a European juggler, just imported; Erle & Leo, excellent musical act and a set of interesting Motion Pictures will close this wonderful bill.

At Proctor's 58th St. Theatre, week commencing Monday Matinee, April 24th, supported by a large and powerful cast of favorites, Mr. Drouet, who has been leading man with Miss Blanche Walsh during the present season, will offer another tremendous scenic production, "The Great Ruby," which will be presented with all the original magnificent scenery, including the thrilling balloon scene, also the Cricket scene in which is used a mammoth tally-ho drawn by eight beautiful horses. "The Great Ruby" abounds in sensational episode and without a doubt one of the strongest high-class melodramas ever staged. Its original presentation was given at Daly's Theatre, where it enjoyed a long and prosperous run. The cast includes, in addition to Mr. Drouet, Miss Grace Reals, Mr. Harold Hartsell, Mr. Wm. Norton, Mr. Scott Cooper, Miss Agnes Scott, Miss Laura Lang and other favorites.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P. M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

NEW YORK.

An Enjoyable Birthday Dinner.

ANOTHER "AT HOME"

A Few Personals.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

Henry Kohlman gave a dinner to a few of his friends, at the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Bluen (his sister), at Holland Court, 92d Street near Madison Avenue, on Saturday evening, April 15th. The dinner was given to celebrate Henry's arrival at another milestone on the roadway of life. A most excellent dinner of seven courses was served, with all the liquid accessories to stimulate the jaded palate and add good cheer to the festive event. There were speeches and toasts, and any number of good things were said of the host and hostess, as well as of Kohlman's friends, who with his daughter is now in California. Havana perfectos and conversation made the evening hours move swiftly, and the hands of the clock were pointing to the midnight hour when good-byes were said. A pleasant feature of the evening was the contribution of a sentiment, or a paragraph, to a letter to be sent to Mr. Kohlman's father.

Those present, besides Mr. and Mrs. Bluen and Henry Kohlman were: Dr. Thomas Francis Fox, Messrs. Samuel Frankenstein, Emanuel Souweine, Arthur C. Bachrach, Francis W. Nubner, and Edwin Allan Hodgson.

Another "At Home" was given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Cohen to their friends on Saturday evening last, April 15th. It was a very enjoyable affair. Friends began to appear at 8 o'clock, and hearty conversation was indulged in until ten o'clock, when refreshments of an elaborate kind, with wine and cigars were served. Dancing was the feature. All remained till the "wee, sma'" hours, and in departing, all declared it was an affair never to be forgotten. Among those who attended were: Mr. and Mrs. William Helburn, Leonard and Leopold Helburn, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Suk, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Marks, Mr. Ben E. Elkin and son Eddie, Mrs. Krause and daughter, Miss Effie Krause, Misses Elizabeth M. Anderson, Emma F. Caddy, Messrs. Emil Mayer and Richard Anderson. All joined in wishing the young couple health, wealth and happiness.

Mrs. O'Hare, mother of Mrs. Alice Collins, died on Thursday morning, April 13th, 1905, after an illness of about one month. She was past 79, and her death came peacefully and without pain. Funeral services were held at her late residence, 512 West 167th Street, on Saturday morning, at 9:30, thence to Church of St. Rose of Lima. Interment was at St. Raymond Cemetery, Westchester, where eleven years ago was laid to rest her beloved husband, the late James O'Hare. Mrs. Collins and her immediate relatives have the sympathy of all their friends in their bereavement.

Miss Florence Mason, of Brooklyn, will leave town for the summer, on April 24th. Her parents go on the 21st, but Miss Mason will remain to be present at the wedding of Mr. Thomas Driscoll and Miss Mary Mackin. Miss Mason will not return to New York until November.

Mr. Rudolph Janik, the deaf-mute artist, who came to this country last summer, sailed for Germany, on the Kaiser Wilhelm II, last Tuesday. He expects to return to New York in the fall. A number of friends gave him a pleasant "send off" in Hoboken, last Monday evening.

The exhibition of "Moving Pictures" under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League takes place this Saturday evening, April 23d, at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, 5 West 125th Street. A good seat is 35 cents. Everybody who is a "body" will be there. Better come early, say at 8 o'clock sharp.

Michael Roach, step-father of J. H. Toohey, of 500 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, died on April 16th, in the house of Hook and Ladder Company No. 23, at 504 West One Hundred and Fortieth Street, to which company he was attached. Heart trouble is believed to have been the cause.

Mr. R. E. Maynard has been confined to his bed for the past ten days, at his home in Yonkers. At this writing he is somewhat on the mend. He had hemorrhages of the throat or lungs, caused by a recent attack of the grip. He is visited by friends almost every day and is receiving the best medical attention.

Louis A. Cohen has added to his printing plant an electric motor, with current from the Edison Electric Co. He now runs his job press without perspiration, and contemplates the purchase of another job press very soon.

The masque ball, at Washington Hall, on Saturday, April 22d, promises to be a success. For information, read the advertisement on the fourth page of this paper.

The Brooklyn Club will give its Annual Picnic and Festival, at Grand Street Park, Brooklyn, on Saturday, August 26th.

Mrs. Lydia Furler died, in Burke, N. Y., on January 27th, at the ripe age of ninety-two years.

Edgewood Park, Pa.

Dr. Robert Patterson, of Columbus was the guest of the Institution for a few days, the first part of the month. That does not mean, however, that he spent all his time inspecting the School and imbibing inspiration from its workings. Far from it, altho he did get time to see a good deal of how we do things here, and no doubt carried away with him his impressions favorable we hope, though his view point may be different from ours.

Dr. Patterson had opportunities of seeing something of Pittsburgh—Greater Pittsburgh, soon to be including a birds eye view of the point district from the top of the Frick skyscraper. But perhaps he enjoyed meeting with his friends, old and new, more than anything else, for we noted when he was with them he was jollity itself. Be that as it may, there was any number of people here who enjoyed meeting the genial doctor and hear him discourse on matters both grave and gay. Many expressed the wish that he would find it convenient to stop over with us again some time.

Dr. Patterson's lecture on "How to Subdue Poverty" was appreciated by the largest audience of the deaf that any lecturer has been able to draw in Pittsburgh so far. It goes without saying his lecture was good. His references to Carnegie and Rockefeller were *Pat*, his illustrations a *Patter* of good things, and his whole a *Patterson* effort entirely in keeping with the wide reputation the doctor enjoys as a clear and forceful talker.

Mr. Patterson boarded his train for home just in time to escape a patter of hail, which made things decidedly lively while it lasted. Hailstones as large as hen eggs was a feature of the worst hail storm here in thirty-five years. Perhaps Dr. Patterson will now entertain more respect for our local weather prognosticator, Gray, who told him twenty-four hours in advance what to expect.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sawhill came down from Taylorstown to attend Dr. Patterson's lecture. They were guests of the Allaboughs and had the pleasure of meeting their preceptor and a number of friends there Sunday evening, April 9th, which, by the way, was fifteen anniversary of their wedding. They were returning thanks to their Pittsburgh friends for the present of a fine, oak, dining table and set of chairs, which reached them so unexpectedly that the genial William was not a little embarrassed getting the things safely landed at their residence. But all's well that ends well, so they have no "kick" to register.

Last Thursday, April 13th, we had the good luck to have a clear night, so we went star-gazing. Mr. Gray came out, and the Frick scope was put into commission. The exhibition lasted for an hour or two, and the members of the academic class and some of the officers had excellent views of Venus—now in the form of a crescent—some double stars and old Luna. The latter seemed to be the most popular.

Manager Grimm and his troupe of comic opera has again appeared on the boards at the Institution. Saturday, April 15th, was the date, and the attraction was up to the usual standard. There was a full house, considering that a good part of it was scaffolding, which the painters have been using to decorate the chapel ceiling which, by the way, will present an attractive appearance when completed. The play presented under the management of Mr. Grimm consisted of a number of scenes and separate acts, comic and otherwise, all of which was enjoyed to the utmost by the young folks.

Mr. Elmer Havens was a recent visitor at the school, a shadow of his former self, after such a long siege of typhoid fever and other ailments, but apparently now on the road to a full recovery, both in health and avocations.

Miss Brown, the nurse, has been granted leave of absence for a few weeks, owing to the serious illness of her only sister, stricken with prostration and grip. It is hoped she may be able to return soon, as she is always needed here. Her substitute came out to-day, April fifteenth.

The Institution Tennis Club met recently, formulated rules, and elected officers as follows: President, G. M. Teegarden; Secretary, Mrs. Jessie Burt; Treasurer, Mr. Downing. The president appointed

ed Mr. Downing, Mr. Will Burt and Miss Barker, Court Committee. The committee will have work to do for the new road through the grounds cut through the court, necessitating the moving of the back stops and more grading, but they expect to have it No. 1, when it is finally adjusted.

On April 15th, a business meeting of the Pittsburgh Branch, G. C. A. A., was held at the residence of G. M. Teegarden, with seven holders of the sheepskin present and seven absent. Present: Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Allabough, F. R. Gray, F. A. Leitner, E. R. Cowley, Samuel Nichols and G. M. Teegarden. There are fifteen regular "grads" of old Gallaudet in Pittsburgh or within easy reach, besides a good many ex-es.

After the arduous business of the Branch had been attended to, those present were invited to discuss "banquet" by mine host, which they proceeded to do in a practical and proper manner. The "banquet" was to commemorate the 41st anniversary of the opening of Gallaudet College. The menu and after dinner speeches were up to the usual standard of excellence, although there was some exhibition of mulishness, because replies to toasts had to be impromptu. The following toasts were responded to, Mr. Teegarden acting as toast-master:

Alma Mater.....Mrs. Allabough
Our Branch, its Mission.....Mr. Leitner
Gallaudet Stars.....Astronomer Gray
Our Pres. Founder.....Mr. Allabough
The Ladies.....Mr. Cowley

It was voted the most successful and agreeable meeting the Branch has ever had. The only thing to mar the pleasure of the festal board was the absence of so many who ought to have been present, for the more, the merrier, you know.

G. M. T.

BALTIMORE.

Mr. W. H. Nordhouse and Miss Orintha B. Horsemann were secretly married by a Catholic priest about a month ago. Both were former pupils of the Maryland School, and they rarely mingle with the deaf here.

Mrs. J. A. Brandlick spent Saturday and Sunday in Washington, being the guest of Mrs. Melville Ballard. She reports a very enjoyable time.

There was a very large attendance at Grace Church, Sunday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nicholson's son was baptized by Rev. O. J. Whildin. It's name is Harvey Gordon Nicholson. Five nuptials were also confirmed by Bishop Paret.

The service in the Chapel on Easter Day will begin at three o'clock in the afternoon. The Rector of Grace Church and Rev. Whildin will occupy the chancel. The new communion vessels, etc., designed for Memorials of the faithful departed Lay-Readers of the Mission, J. S. Wells and Samuel A. Adams, will be used for the first time.

Philip the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Nicol died Sunday night, April 9th, of measles. The funeral took place the following Tuesday, Rev. Moylan officiating.

The ladies of Grace P. E. Church will give a lunch box party in the Parish Hall, Easter Monday night.

Mr. Herman Koening is no longer a resident of Baltimore, he having moved with his family to Easton, Md., last week. He is much pleased with his new job.

We noticed in the *Bulletin* that Miss Carrie Ebaugh, of near Westminster, is acting as substitute teacher at the Maryland School.

After remaining at the hospital for several days, the body of John N. Tully was interred at Spring Hill Cemetery, over in Anne Arundel County, not far from Mr. Gebb's farm.

J. A. B.

April 17, '05.

"Panic Party"

The panic party was given in honor of Ida Brod's birthday by Mrs. Wm. Davis, her sister on April 15th. The guests enjoyed themselves with a lot of good games. The splendid photograph with flashlight were taken by Edwin B. Earnst.

Mr. Kelly, of Orange, N. J., was a big laugh maker on the guests. Miss Ruth Redman acted like the queen at the Midnight Supper served.

Then we played at finch and panic cards again.

The invited guests present were: Misses Ida Brod, Rosa Schmidt, Ethel Mulligan, Minnie Jost, Mrs. Wm. Davis, Mrs. C. Congers, of Jersey City, Ruth Redman, Mr. Fred Bouton, William Waterbury, Mathews Kelly, Richard Erdman of Newark, N. J., Edwin B. Earnst, Charles Schlipp and Mr. William Davis of Jersey City.

Cheerful Idiot.

"A deaf and dumb man may talk with his fingers," said the boarder who floor-walks between meals, "but he can't laugh with them."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the cheerful idiot. "Have you never heard of the glad hand?"—*Columbus Dispatch.*

OHIO.

An Easter Appeal for the Home.

CLEVELAND DAY SCHOOL.

News Brevities

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The ways and means Committee of the Home, Messrs. Zorn, Schory and Charles, sent out this week an appeal and statement to those who have the welfare of the institution at heart as follows:

AN EASTER APPEAL TO OUR FRIENDS.

To Our Friends:—In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, we thank you all who cheerfully responded to our appeal for the Improvement Fund last spring. The sums sent by each of you were not large, but in the aggregate they amounted to the handsome sum of \$444.30. The recipients were all acknowledged in the *Ohio Chronicle*. We take pleasure in exhibiting the disbursement of your money in a statement given on another page, and hope that it may meet with your hearty approval.

It may seem strange that the Home should need repairing or improvement year by year, but does not your own home need it also? The most pressing need of the Home at the present time is water-closet facilities. The population of the Home having reached 20 persons, all told, the necessity of such an improvement may be readily understood. We therefore devote your contributions this year first of all to this object, and we are confident of your continued hearty support.

As an Easter Offering to our good cause, will you kindly help the Home by filling up the enclosed card, or as much of it as you please, and mail it in the addressed envelope?

If you cannot fill the holes yourself, perhaps some of your good friends will be glad to help you if you ask them.

If you cannot fill any of the holes, please do not throw the card away. Put it in the addressed envelope (unsealed) with a one-cent stamp and return it.

The regular income of the Home is just enough for its support and cannot be used for improvements, hence this appeal.

Any sum, no matter how small, will be thankfully received and acknowledged both by mail and through the *Ohio Chronicle*.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. ZORN,
C. W. CHARLES,
A. H. SCHORY,
Committee.

As to what has been accomplished with the money collected in this way last year is told by the treasurer below:

To the Subscribers of the Improvement Fund.—We are happy to announce that the money obtained from you last spring through the Coin-Card plan we had the cottage, both outside and inside, thoroughly painted, the summer and four of the rooms entirely replastered and papered. The cottage now looks nice and homelike; indeed, it is a source of comfort to the male inmates of the Home in their declining age. With much money was expended on the roof of the old college brick building has just been replaced by one of slate, the walls patched up and new chimneys put up, so that the Home is now in a better state of preservation and ready for adaptation to other purposes at the proper time. Besides these there have been some minor improvements from time to time. These improvements have entirely exhausted the fund, and it again becomes incumbent on us to raise money to complete other improvements, as mentioned in the Appeal on another page.

A. H. SCHORY.

Bishop Vincent administered Confirmation to two persons presented by the Rev. A. W. Mann at All Souls' Church, Portsmouth, on Sunday, April 9th. At this service Baptism was administered by Mr. Mann.

Bishop Vincent will confirm at Trinity Church, Columbus, on Sunday, April 30th, at 7:30 P. M. The Rev. Mr. Mann expects to be present.

There is something wrong with the Cleveland Day School for the Deaf at least it is not giving satisfaction to the School Board. At a recent meeting of that body, according to the *Cleveland Ledger*:

Supt. Moulton at the request of the board, submitted a statement in reference to the deaf school which was referred to the educational committee of the board. The committee made an examination of the school and at the meeting last week a majority and minority report was presented to the board on the matter.

The majority report of the committee, which was signed by D. S. Sayre and F. H. Haserot, recommended that the present school be discontinued at the end of the present school year and requested that the matter of its re-organization be referred to the educational committee with instructions to investigate and report with recommendations.

Mr. Hyre, who is chairman of the committee, reported that he agreed to the discontinuance of the present deaf school provided that it be re-established at the beginning of the next school year beginning in September. Mr. Hyre stated that the committee had gathered information from other cities in reference to schools of the same nature and she stated that in her opinion the school needed reorganization.

Mr. Haserot stated that the recommendation made by the majority of the members of the committee was not because of the expense connected with the running of the school and that it was because the conditions at the schools were not satisfactory. He said there was no regular course of study and that reorganization was necessary.

The board referred the matter to the educational committee for investigation and report.

Dr. Patterson returned from Pittsburgh Tuesday morning and reports an enjoyable and profitable visit there. He felt entirely at home in the Smoky City as he met quite a number of "Buckeyes" there living within and near the city. He greatly appreciated the hospitalities shown him by the Pittsburghers. On his return home he stopped off at Wheeling, where he was entertained by Mrs. Plattoff Zane and a number of the deaf of the city and Bellaire.

Mr. Ezra Hedges is a member of the Interubans Baseball Club, playing in the position of catcher. The club played with the Columbus A. A. team last week, but couldn't

prove a match for it. There was some disappointment that the New York Club, when here last week, didn't allow Taylor to play, as a number of deaf were on the grounds expecting him to be on the slab.

The Columbus Club has been photographed and a framed picture adorns a show window of Bryce & Co's. Store. It is withal a fine looking bunch of players—and without exaggeration Kilm takes the cake as the best looking of the lot. He recently shaved off his mustache, which has caused some people to mistake him for another man. The Cleveland American League Club played here Wednesday, with the Columbus Club, and it took 12 innings to decide the contest, ending with 3 to 2 in favor of Columbus. The papers credited Kilm with having played his position in fine style.

Mrs. William Rose is up from Dayton on a visit to friends in the city.

The Independents were to have gone over to play with the Dennison University Club, last Saturday, but just about starting time, word came that the grounds were too wet. In the afternoon, the second Independents played the second Central High School Club, and beat them 16 to 10.

Just back of the old school building on the boys' side, a steam engine is at work. It is roped off and, of course, attracts the boys. As to what the engine is there and doing is another thing. A pipe well is being driven to furnish the institution a greater water supply than the present well can do. It is to be hoped a good vein will be struck. A couple of years ago, the sinking of a well was attempted over on the girls' side, but it proved a failure.

Quite a number of the boys are earning a little pocket money by doing work Saturdays, in the way of assisting at house cleaning and chores for teachers.

Mr. Schory began taking class pictures week.

A. B. G.

April 15, '05.

In Memoriam.

ANNIE TRUMBULL WATERS.

[Lines written in memory of the late Annie Trumbull Waters, who died September 13th, 1904, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., having left her beautiful home in Monticello, Cal., a few weeks before her death. The villa was situated at "Trumbull View," the honor of a grandiose, of Connecticut, she being of old Colonial descent. The cottage nestled in the foothills of the Santa Ynez Mountains was also called "Happy Hill" by visitors. She was deaf from early sickness, notable to hear the least sound, yet she was able to talk fluently with clearness of voice, could converse with any person, taking the words from their lips instead of from sounds. She was the wife of W. Lacy Waters, having sustained that relation for about thirteen years. The writer of these lines (his father) had been privileged to spend three winter months at this "beautiful place," where the flowers ever bloom and the palms wave their welcome.]

If—and we think 'tis certain
That, as is Heaven's height,
Above this clouded curtain,
You often smiled and bright,
That those that leave before us,
To reach the "realms of bliss,"
Find much in Heaven above us,
Far I fail! exceeding this!

The flowers and fruits superior
To what we enjoy here,
Though filled with sweetest fragrance,
The flowers to us appear;
The luscious fruits we gather,
These fruits cannot compare
With those she now is plucking,
From "Life's Tree" wondrous fair.

The roses that she planted,
The orange blossoms sweet,
Are but the type of Paradise,
That carpet now her feet.
The palms that line the entrance,
Of "Trumbull View," and wave
Their "Welcome" (to bereft ones here)
From her so true and brave.

The light that brightened "Happy Hill,"
Now shines in the beyond,
Its radiance has not left us,
Our thoughts of her are fond;
We know we're not forgotten,
By her who loved us here—
We'll bid the time till meeting
Up yonder we appear.

She could not hear the bird song,
Her ear was dead to sound,
Her voice was clear with melody
As she trod these paths around;
Her joy was full when partner
And kindred were in sight,
And roving with her dog-pets—
Those pets were her delight.

Her kindness all remember,
Her charity was large,
Her love was like September
Life's duties to discharge.
Towards that fellow goodness
Will surely follow her,
From seed she sowed at "Happy Hill"
Must Heaven fruit occur.

MONTICELLO, CAL.,
March 31, 1905.

CHURCH NOTICES.

EASTER DAY, APRIL 23D, 1905.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P. M.
Holy Communion.

It is hoped that as many of the deaf of New York and neighboring towns as can make it possible will attend this service, where they will be heartily welcomed. There will be no other service of the Church Mission on Easter Day.

Bible Class as usual at 2:30 P. M.

Guild meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, April 25th. Open to all.

The Right Rev'd Doctor Vincent, Bishop of Southern Ohio, spent Sunday, April 9th, at the Institution. Two candidates were presented to him by the Rev. A. W. Mann for the Apostolic "laying on of hands." Adult Baptism was administered at one of the four services held by Mr. Mann.

FANWOOD.

Two Good Games of Base Ball.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

And News Items.

From our Regular Correspondent.

All Fanwood was agog with excitement and practically stricken with the now prevalent baseball fever, when our Regulars met the De La Salle team, on Wednesday afternoon, April 12th. The ground selected for the game was the American League Park, situated within a stone's throw from the Institution, through the courtesy of Mr. Frank Farrell, owner of the New York American League Base Ball Club. Our team worked hard at practicing, and now the final test came wherein their efforts might well be rewarded. But Fate decided otherwise, and we were content to suffer defeat. The score was Fanwood 5, De La Salle 11. Both teams were evenly matched in strength, and the game was exciting from beginning to end. In the first seven innings, Fanwood showed that she would win the game, the number of runs being one more than our hearing opponents, but through errors the number of runs in the last inning came in rapidly to the advantage of the other team. Up to the eighth inning, the score was a tie, but the ninth ended in a gain of six runs, due to carelessness and over excitement. Captain Birked did some wonderful pitching, having struck out twelve men in nine innings of the game, and Cook, our catcher, did splendid work in catching wild pitches and preventing passed balls.

The first inning opened with three strike outs in succession for the De La Salle team. Others did some good work to help our team get a good number of runs, but they needed support, badly. And it appeared that our players were somewhat embarrassed on such ground, considering the small field or yard in which our practice games are held. Our Regulars only need excellent team work and more improvement in batting, and in these only can they expect to win a game. The score was as follows:

DE LA SALLE.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lyons c.f.,	2	2	1	0	0
Zimber p.,	1	2	0	2	0
Cello c.,	0	2	1	0	0
Amezoga s.s.,	1	0	0	1	0
Buno 3b.,	2	0	0	1	1
Hamban 2b.,	1	2	3	4	1
Lune 1b.,	1	0	0	0	0
Thornton r.f.,	2	1	0	0	0
Thorp l.f.,	1	0	2	0	0
Total	11	9	27	8	8

FANWOOD.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McAllister, 2b.,	1	2	3	1	0
Lux, s.s.,	0	0	2	1	0
Birk, p.,	1	2	0	5	0
Cook, c.,	0	2	0	3	0
Linder, 3b.,	0	1	1	1	1
Tanzas 1b.,	1	0	0	0	0
Nimmo r.f.,	1	1	0	0	0
Barry, l.f.,	1	1	0	0	0
Cole, c.f.,	0	0	0	0	1
Total	5	7	27	8	4

INNING. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
DE LA SALLE 0 0 0 3 0 0 1 6 11
FANWOOD 1 0 1 2 0 0 0 1 0 5

Three base hits—Birk, Cello. Two base hits—McAllister, Lyons, Zimber. Sacrifice hit—Cook. Struck out—by Birk 12, by Zimber 10. Stolen bases—McAllister 3, Birk, Tanzas, Barry, Amezoga 3, Zimber. Lyons. Left on Bases—Fanwood 6, De La Salle 7. First on balls—off Birk 8, Zimber 4. Passed ball—Cello. Time of game—one hour and fifty-five minutes. Umpire—W. H. Van Tassel. Scorer—J. H. Schwartz.

The second game of baseball between the Regulars and Empires, played at American League Park, on Saturday, the 15th, resulted in a complete victory. Score, Fanwood 14—Empires 4. They proved too easy for us, as shown by the score, and one of the notable features of the game was the heavy hitting of our team. We met the same team two weeks ago in the boys' yard in a four inning game, defeating them by a big score, but it may not be called a real game at all. It was noticed that the Empire team had many new players added, and our team was quite at a disadvantage in the first three innings of the game by the visiting team's excellent playing. But the latter part of the game told itself in the heavy hitting of our players till a number of runs were rapidly gained. Rosenberg, centre field, a new addition from the Reserves, proved himself the star player of the game, by his batting, in which he helped our team gain five runs in two innings. The next game of baseball is scheduled to take place with the Peeks-kil Military Academy, on Wednesday, April 19th, at Peeks-kil, N. Y.

EMPIRE.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lee, ss.,	0	0	1	1	1
Folger, 1b.,	1	0	1	0	0
Graham, 2b.,	1	0	2	0	0
Peters, c.,	0	2	10	1	0
Parker, 3b.,	1	1	1	1	2
Connelley, r.f.,	1	0	0	0	0
Edmonston, l.f.,	0	1	0	0	0
Struss, c.f.,	1	1	0	0	0
Peters, p.,	0	0	2	3	1
Total	4	6	24	7	4

FANWOOD.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McAllister, 2b.,	1	2	3	1	1
Lux, l.f.,	0	0	0	0	0
Birk, p.,	0	0	0	4	2
Cook, c.,	2	1	12	2	0
Linder, 3b.,	3	1	4	1	3
Tanzas, 1b.,	3	1	8	1	2
Nimmo, ss.,	2	0	2	0	0
Barry, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	0
Rosenberg, c.f.,	0	2	0	0	0
Total	14	8	27	9	8

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Gallaudet Home

Miss Phebe Pott's aged father died last winter, in New York City, where she went to attend his funeral. Miss Pott is on the ladies board of the home and in charge of the Girls' Guild of Zion Episcopal Church, at the Falls, which gives some of its charitable work to it.

Mrs. Bryant, of Colorado Springs, Col., Mrs. S. D. Elting, and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of Poughkeepsie, were afternoon callers recently.

Mrs. Hagadorn is visiting her relatives in New York, and will remain with them for several weeks. She was quite busy with her needle during the cold season, making fancy articles for the fair in aid of the Home, which is soon to be held in the city.

On the 26th of January, Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson Lewis celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding at their residence, in Cannondale, N. Y. They received many handsome and useful gifts. Among those present were Rev. and Mrs. Francis B. Whittrone, Miss E. P. Nelson and Miss Louis Whittrone, of Poughkeepsie. Mr. Lewis is president of the national bank in Cannondale, a member of the New York Historical Society, and his name is enrolled on the board of trustees of the home, to say nothing of other positions which he holds. May the couple live to enjoy a green old age, surrounded by happiness and prosperity.

Miss Warren came to the writer's room on a winter morning, with a dead snow bird in her hand, which she found outdoors. Miss Warren gave Snowie a decent burial, and mourned for him three days.

As Mrs. J. W. Parker, of the ladies' board, lately broke up house-keeping in Poughkeepsie, she donated to the home a lot of books, two volumes, of Harper's Bazaar, and other things, too numerous to mention.

Some time ago Mrs. Edwards received a note of invitation from her grandson, Master Raymond E. Harden, to attend the closing exercises of his class at the Gratoit school, in St. Louis, Mo., but owing to poor health and advanced age, Mrs. Edwards was unable to travel so far.

The girls' guild of Zion Church held their annual party on the night of February 14th, in the old mens' sitting room, where a most enjoyable time was passed. Miss Hagadorn and Miss Porter were the only prize winners in the game, which was new to them. After the amusement was over all went to the dining-room, where a nice repast which the young ladies had kindly furnished was served. On seating themselves at the tables the inmates found on their plates an envelope, in which a lovely valentine was enclosed. The party broke up at half past eleven o'clock, when the fair entertainers left for home in charge of Mrs. Minnie M. Gorins, as Miss Pott was unavoidably absent.

Dr. George H. Van Wagner made a professional call a month ago, but nobody was seriously ill.

Miss Annie Moore, a graduate of Fanwood, is engaged to a young man of New York City, whose name is not known here. Miss Moore's parents have been residents of Wappingers Falls for many years.

Miss Maud D. Lord died, of paralysis, on February 20th, in Montclair, N. J. She was one of the earliest members of the home and manifested a warm interest in it.

Washington's birthday was observed with tableaux in the evening, which Miss Warren got up, and those who took it in had a jolly time.

Mr. John N. Lewis and Mr. John I. Platt, of the Board of Trustees, were at the Home on business recently. Mr. Platt is the editor of the Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle.

A short time ago, Mrs. Kate Martin Jones, the matron, was presented with a beautiful penknife, as a token of love and esteem from the inmates, for they contributed their mite towards its purchase. An order for the knife had previously been sent to a factory in Walden, N. Y., where a number of deaf-mutes are employed. Miss Warren made the presentation with a few well-chosen remarks and a poem written by Miss Hagadorn, to which Mrs. Jones responded with thanks. It was a pleasant surprise, for the lady knew nothing about what was in store for her until the presentation took place.

Mrs. Eva S. Rusk was admitted to the home on March 30th. She came up from New York with her sister-in-law, Miss Margaret Rusk, and Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, who in the afternoon conducted a communion service in the chapel. Mrs. Rusk's husband died not long ago, in Brooklyn, N. Y. They were educated at the Fanwood School, under the late Dr. H. P. Peet its principal. Last month Mrs. Sarah Dr. Elting of the ladies board presented to the home a set of new chairs and arm rockers, which were put in the sitting room of the female department.

Friday afternoon before last Mrs. Charlotte Heaton, of Hartford, Ct., and Miss Chesley, of Malone, N. Y., were shown through the building. Mrs. Heaton is a granddaughter of the late Laurent Clerc,

who many years ago accompanied the late Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet to this country from France, in the interests of the deaf and dumb, and through whose efforts the first school was established.

As Mr. Cunningham's birthday falls on April 13th, he may look for something nice, for our good and kind matron is sure to remember such an occasion.

Every day when the New York papers are brought from the post office, they are eagerly read for like the rest of the world we take an interest in the Russo-Japanese war, which for more than a year, has been waging in the far east. Perhaps it is not generally known that the wife of Marshal Oyama, the commander-in-chief of the Japanese army, is a graduate of Vassar College in Poughkeepsie. Her knowledge of the English language, we think, might be the means of helping the untaught deaf-mutes in her native land to get an education if she can reach them.

LOUISE.

Masque & Civic BALL

—OF—

Fred W. Meinken Association

SATURDAY EVE,
APRIL 22, 1905
Dancing at 8:30 P.M.

Washington Hall

Amsterdam Avenue
Bet. 166th and 167th Sts.

MUSIC by Owen's Full Orchestra.

It is our intention to make this association a permanent one. The welfare of some will be very interesting.

A good time is assured at this ball. Two handsome prizes for gentlemen and two handsome prizes for ladies for the original and most comical costumes.

Tickets, admitting gent and lady, and including wardrobe, 35 cts.

The Third Avenue surface cars marked "Amsterdam Avenue" pass the Hall. The Sixth Avenue cars marked "Fort George" pass the Hall too. Elevated trains transfer at 125th Street cars.

FRED W. MEINKEN, President
ED. MCKERHAN, Treasurer
C. E. VERNON, Secretary

THE Crestwood Press

LOUIS A. COHEN, Prop.

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Picnic & Games

OF THE

N. J. Deaf-Mutes' Society

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, July 8, '05

[Particulars later.]

(By general request)

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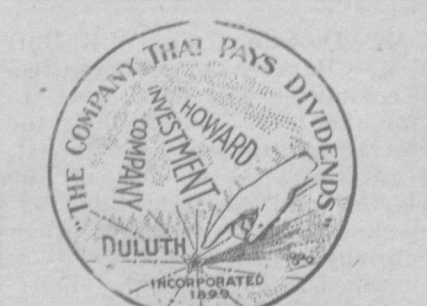
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The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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[PARTICULARS LATER]

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[NOTE—The name of hall will be announced later.] **Philadelphia, Pa.**
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